

## SILVER BLAZE.

Continued from Page 1.

hope, however, that your horse will start upon Tuesday, and I beg that you will have your jockey in readiness. Might I ask for a photograph of Mr. John Straker?"

The inspector took one from an envelope and handed it to him. "My dear Gregory, you anticipate all my wants. If I might ask you to wait here for an instant, I have a question which I should like to put to the maid."

"I must say that I am rather disappointed in our London consultant," said Colonel Ross, bluntly, as his friend left the room. "I do not see that we are any further than when he came."

"At least you have his assurance that your horse will run," said I. "Yes, I have his assurance," said the colonel, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I should prefer to have the horse."

I was about to make some reply in defense of my friend when he entered the room again.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "I am quite ready for Tavistock."

An we stepped into the carriage one of the stable lads held the door open for us. A sudden idea seemed to occur to Holmes, for he leaned forward and touched the lad upon the sleeve.

"You have a few sheep in the paddock," he said. "Who attends to them?"

"I do, sir."

"Have you noticed anything amiss with them of late?"

"Well, sir, not of much account, but three of them have gone lame, sir."

I could see that Holmes was extremely pleased, for he chuckled and rubbed his hands together.

"A long shot, Watson, a very long shot," said he, pinching my arm. "Gregory, let me recommend to your attention this singular epidemic among the sheep. Drive on, coachman!"

Colonel Ross still wore an expression which showed the poor opinion which he had formed of my companion's ability, but I saw by the inspector's face that his attention had been keenly aroused.

"You consider that to be important?" he asked.

"Extremely so."

"Is there any point to which you would wish to draw my attention?"

"To the curious incident of the dog in the night-time."

"The dog did nothing in the night-time."

"That was the curious incident," remarked Sherlock Holmes.

Four days later, Holmes and I were again in the train, bound for Winchester to see the race for the Wessex cup. Colonel Ross met us by appointment outside the station, and we drove in his drag to the house beyond the town. His face was grave, and his manner was cold in the extreme.

"I have seen nothing of my horse," said he.

"I suppose that you would know him when you saw him?" said Holmes.

The colonel was very angry. "I have been on the turf for twenty years, and never was asked such a question as that before," said he. "A child would know Silver Blaze, with his white forehead and his mottled legs."

"How is the betting?"

"Well, that is the curious part of it. You could have got fifteen to one yesterday, but the price has become shorter and shorter until you can hardly get three to one now."

"Hum!" said Holmes. "Somebody knows something, that is clear."

As the drag drew up to the inclosure near the grand stand I glanced at the card to see the entries.

Wessex plate (11 rats) 50 sows, each with 1,000 sows, four and five-year-olds. Second, £200. Third, £200. New course (one mile and five furlongs).

1. Mr. Heath Newton's The Negro. Red cap. Cinnamon jacket.

2. Colonel Wardlaw's Puglist. Pick cap. Blue and black jacket.

3. Lord Backwater's Desborough. Yellow cap and white jacket.

4. Colonel Ross's Silver Blaze. Black cap. Red jacket.

5. Duke of Balmoral's Iris. Yellow and black stripes.

6. Lord Singleton's Rasper. Purple cap. Black sleeves.

ed your ability. You have done me a great service by having recovered my horse. You would do me a greater still if you could lay your hands on the murderer of John Straker."

"I have done so," said Holmes, quietly.

The colonel and I stared at him in amazement. "You have got him? Where is he, then?"

"He is here."

"Here? Where?"

"In my company at the present moment."

The colonel flushed angrily. "I quite recognize that I am under obligations to you, Mr. Holmes," said he. "But I must regard what you have just said as either a very bad joke or an insult."

Sherlock Holmes laughed. "I assure you that I have not associated you with the crime, colonel," said he. "The real murderer is standing immediately behind you."

He stepped past and laid his hand upon the glossy neck of the thoroughbred.

"The horse!" cried both the colonel and myself.

"Yes, the horse. And it may lessen his guilt if I say that it was done in self-defense, and that John Straker was a man who was entirely unworthy of your confidence. But there goes the bell, and as I stand to win a little on this next race, I shall defer a lengthy explanation until a more fitting time."

We had the corner of a Pullman car to ourselves that evening as we whirled back to London, and I fancy that the journey was a short one to Col. Ross as well as to myself, as we listened to our companion's narrative of the Dartmoor training stables upon that Monday night, and the means by which he had unraveled them.

"I confess," said he, "that any theory which I had formed from the newspaper reports were entirely erroneous. And yet there were indications there, had they not been overlaid by other details which concealed their true import. I went to Devonshire with the conviction that Fitzroy Simpson was the true culprit, although, of course, I saw that the evidence against him was by no means complete. It was not until I reached the trainer's house, that the immense significance of the curried mutton occurred to me. You may remember that I was disgraced, and remained sitting after you had all alighted. I was marveling in my own mind how I could possibly have overlooked so obvious a clue."

"I confess," said the colonel, "that even now I cannot see how it helped us."

"It was the first link in my chain of reasoning. Powdered opium is by no means tasteless. The flavor is not disagreeable, it is perceptible. Were it mixed with any ordinary diet the eater would undoubtedly detect it, and would probably eat no more. A curried mutton is the medium which would disguise this taste. By no possible supposition could this stranger Fitzroy Simpson, having caused curried to be served in the trainer's family that night, and it is surely too monstrous a coincidence to suppose that he happened to come along with powdered opium upon the very night when a dish happened to be served which would disguise the flavor. That is undeniable. Therefore Simpson becomes eliminated from the case, and our attention centers upon Straker and his wife, the only two people who could have chosen curried mutton for supper that night."

"That is true," said the colonel. "The dish was set aside for the stable boy, for the others had the same for supper with no ill effects. Which of them, then, had access to that dish without the maid seeing them?"

"Before deciding that question I had grasped the significance of the silence of the dog, for one true inference invariably suggests others. The Simpson incident had shown me that a dog was kept in the stables, and yet, though some one had been in and fetched out a horse, he had not barked enough to arouse the two lads in the loft. Obviously the dog knew well."

"I was already convinced, or almost convinced, that John Straker went down to the stables in the dead of the night and took out Silver Blaze. For what purpose? For a dishonest one, obviously, or why should he drag his own stable boy? And yet I was at a loss to know why. There have been cases before now where trainers have made sure of great sums of money by such means. What was it here? I hoped that the contents of his pockets might help me to form a conclusion."

"And they did so. You cannot have forgotten the singular knife which was found in the dead man's hand, a knife which no sane man would choose for a weapon. It was as Dr. Watson told us, a form of knife which is used for the most delicate operations known in surgery. And it was to be used for a delicate operation that night. You must know, with your wide experience of turf matters, Col. Ross, that it is possible to make a slight nick upon the tendons of a horse's hock and do so subcutaneously, so as to leave absolutely no trace. A horse so treated would develop a slight lameness, which would be put down to a strain in exercise or a touch of rheumatism, but never of foul play."

"Blah! Soundrell!" cried the colonel.

"We have here the explanation of why John Straker wished to take the horse out to the moor. So spirited a creature would certainly have roused the soundest of sleepers when it felt the prick of the knife. It was absolutely necessary to do it in the open air."

"I have been blind!" cried the colonel. "Of course that was why he needed the candle and struck the match."

"Undoubtedly. But in examining his belongings I was fortunate enough to discover not only the method of the crime, but even its motives. As a man of the world, colonel, you know that men do not carry other people's bills about in their pockets. We have most of us quite enough of our own to settle our own."

I at once concluded that Straker was leading a double life and keeping a second establishment. The nature of the bill showed that there was a lady in the case, and one who had expensive tastes. Liberal as you are with your servants, one can hardly expect that they can buy twenty-guinea walking dresses for their ladies. I questioned Mrs. Straker as to the dress without her knowing it, and having satisfied myself that it had never reached her, I made a note of the milliner's address, and felt that by calling there with Straker's photograph I could easily dispose of the mythical Derbyshire."

"From that time on all was plain. Straker had led out the horse to a hollow where his light would be invisible. Simpson, in his night, had dropped his cravat, and Straker had picked it up—with some idea, perhaps, that he might use it in securing the horse's leg. Once in the hollow, he had got behind the horse and had struck a light; but the creature, frightened at the sudden glare, and with the strange partiality of animals feeling that some mischief was intended, had lashed out, and the steel she had struck Straker full on the forehead. He had already, in spite of the rain, taken off his overcoat in order to do his delicate task, and so, as he fell, his knife gashed his thigh. 'Do make it wonderful!'" cried the colonel.

"Wonderful! You might have been there!"

"My final shot was, I confess, a very long one. It struck me that so astute a man as Straker would not undertake this delicate tendon-nicking without a little practice. What could he practice on? My eyes fell upon the sheep, and I asked a question which, rather to my surprise, showed that my surmise was correct."

"When I returned to London I called upon the milliner, who had recognized Straker as an excellent customer of the name of Derbyshire, who had a very dashing wife. I alluded to the fact of his expensiveness. I have no doubt that this woman had plunged him over head and ears in debt, and so led him into this miserable case. If you care to smoke a cigar in our rooms, colonel, I shall be happy to give you any other details which might interest you."

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**OSMOSIS FAMILIAR TO DUCK.**

John Burroughs Duplicates Story of Instinct With Another.

John Burroughs, the naturalist, was laughing about the story, widely published not long since, of a wild duck that got a salt-water mussel caught on its tongue, and had intelligence enough to fly from the salt to the fresh water, where it dropped the mussel, seeking it through osmosis, and thus causing it to loosen its firm grip.

"I believe that every one of the duck that understood the theory of osmosis," said Mr. Burroughs. "I believe it is as implicitly true as the story of the blind man and the elephant."

"A young lieutenant during an African campaign came one day upon a herd of wild oxen. The great brute limped over the tawny sand on three legs, looking as if he were in pain. And every now and then, with a kind of groan, it would pause and lick the injured paw with its tongue."

"When the lion saw the young lieutenant it came slowly toward him. He took a good look at him, and then, as if he meant to harm him, he drew close to him; he rubbed against him with soft feline paws; it extended its hind legs, and the lieutenant examined the paw, and found that there was a large thorn in it. He extracted the thorn, the lion-cubbing with pain, and he bowed up the wound with his hindquarter. Then, with a manifestation of relief and gratitude, the animal withdrew."

"But it remembered its benefactor. It was grateful. And in a practical way it rewarded the young man."

"The lion ran over the regimental list of officers, and at once he saw the lieutenant's name in rank. Thus, in a few weeks, the young man, thanks to the astute animal, became a colonel."

**Startling.**  
(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

"Yes, he's a rich man's son. Never had any business training you know. Just ran wild."

"I suppose he's galloping gaily through the old man's estate."

"On the contrary, he doubled the value in two years."

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Is what I will give you beyond a doubt if your case is curable; if not, I will not accept your money and promise to do anything for you.

My pelvic methods have proven that they are safe, quick, reliable and superior to others by having restored many who had given up all hopes of ever being cured, after having been treated for years with but little benefit by would-be specialists and taking almost every remedy recommended for their trouble.

**CURE OR NO CHARGE—ABSOLUTELY NO CHARGE UNLESS SATISFACTION IS GIVEN.** Every patient is given a written guarantee to refund every dollar paid for services if they do not receive a complete, lifelong cure and entire satisfaction, and I have made a deposit of \$500 in the bank to secure any contract I do not fulfill.

**BLOOD POISON** manifests itself by stages known as primary, secondary and tertiary. Any form of this destructive disease makes itself known by such evidences as ulcers of the mucous membrane in the mouth and throat, sores on any part of the body, aching of the bones, spots and all discoloredations of the skin which signify decay and premature death.

My treatment for blood poison is a specific serum composition that completely reorganizes the blood corpuscles, by which means every particle of poisonous matter is eliminated. Under my system of treatment it is utterly impossible for poison to remain in the blood, and purity and health are results in every case. My specific serum treatment is by subcutaneous and internal administration, and removes all manifestations of disease soon after beginning treatment.

**STRICTURE** is a very annoying and injurious disease and is important because of its harmful effects upon the whole urinary system. I treat each case according to its requirements, first satisfying myself as to the exact condition by careful examination and inquiry. Stricture in any form is not difficult to cure, and by my method of irrigation and digestion I am able to cure the most severe cases. I do not cut or dilate, and when I have dismissed a case the canal is sound and healthy and perfectly natural.

**VARICOCELE** is simply veins filled with curdled or stagnant blood, the same as varicose veins occurring in any other part of the body. Every man afflicted with Varicocele of long standing knows that it has blighted his life and that he has made a great mistake in not having himself cured.

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W. A. COOK, M. D.

**NERVOUS DECLINE** means weakness of the nerves and nerve centers, or general debility of the whole nervous and sexual systems. No man can be strong if his nervous system is impaired, because the nerves propel the blood, and when the proper circulation in any organ ceases, disease is bound to result.

In treating pelvic diseases, from which nearly all nervous disorders originate, I have particular advantage over other physicians because I have a thorough knowledge of the seat and causes of the disease, which is always necessary to insure success in treating any affliction. My thorough course of treatment immediately stops nervousness, drains, losses at night, aches, backache, and by adding flesh and muscle the patient is restored to health, strength and complete manhood.

**PILES** are small vascular tumors and they have a most degrading influence on the general health. I cure Piles without cutting, nor do I use any ligatures of carbolic acid injections, which treatment has ruined many. My treatment is safe and painless, causing no detention from business, and when you are dismissed by me you are cured for life.

**RUPTURE** is an escape of the bowel from the lower part of the abdominal cavity. Rupture sometimes results in strangulation and death. Trusses should not be continuously worn, as they only aggravate the trouble. I have the only safe, safe method of curing rupture. Besides being absolutely reliable, it is painless and harmless. It makes no difference how many times you have been treated, I can cure you, and will guarantee entire satisfaction.

**HYDROCELE** results from injury, and is sometimes difficult to distinguish from rupture or varicocele. The remedy I use for curing Hydrocele completely obliterates the tumor at once, and by the use of an internal preparation for a few days not a sign or symptom of the disease ever reappears.

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My Electric Belt, with Special Electric Suspensory (free), will restore your power. It will check all unnatural drains and give back the old vigor of youth.

This drain on your power causes Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism and Spinal Afflictions. You know it is a loss of vital power and affects every organ of the body. Most of the ailments from which men suffer can be traced to it.

I have cured thousands of men who have squandered the savings of years in useless doctoring.

My Belt is easy to use; put it on when you go to bed; you feel the glowing heat from it (no stinging or burn as in old-style belts), and you feel the nerves tingle with the new life flowing into them. You get up in the morning feeling like a two-year old.

Goldfield, Nev.  
Dr. McLaughlin, Dear Sir—It has been some little time since I wrote last to you, but I have not been settled in any one place for a couple of months. As to the effects of the treatment received from you, I assure you that it has been—highly satisfactory. I have all my old strength back again, there are no unnatural discharges at all, and my varicocele is relieved. This last symptom was always particularly annoying to me, and had refused to yield to any form of treatment whatever until I revived the Belt. I know there are thousands of men suffering just as I suffered, and I hope that my experience will induce some of them to get the relief your Belt brings. Wishing you every success. I am, Yours very truly,  
W. T. HENDRIX.

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